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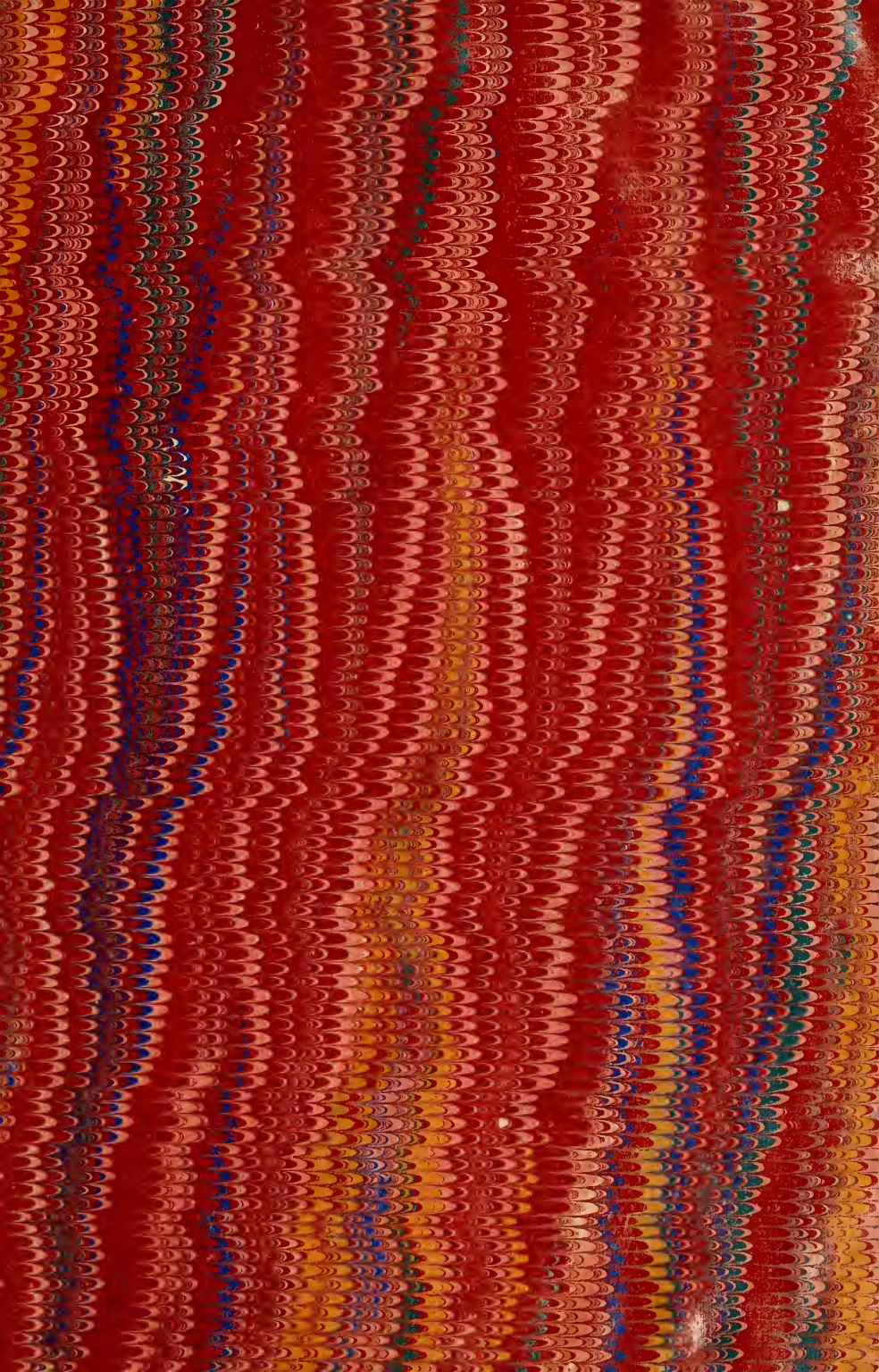
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# CITY OF MEMPHIS

Shelby County, Tennessee,

## HISTORICAL ADDRESS

JULY 4th, 1876,

BY HON. W. T. AVERY.



My Fellow Countrymen and Country-Women, composing this vast concourse of people—In approaching the performance of the duty which has been assigned me to-day, I do so distrusting in no slight degree my ability to fulfill in a manner befitting the magnitude and importance of the occasion. And with its magnitude and importance I am profoundly impressed. Very much afraid am I, too, that those who hear me to day will be disappointed in the character of the address they will listen to. Although the requirements of the occasion call more especially for historic facts than rhapsodies of fancy, yet one more gifted than myself might well invest his lofty theme with those charms of oratory which it will not be possible for me, in the poverty of my resources, to employ. We are here, therefore, in patriotic response to a resolution of Congress, as well as a proclamation of the President, for the purpose of making a brief and compendious history of our county and our city, that the same may be filed with

the Librarian of Congress at Washington, and also in the archives of our own county. And it is a pleasing thought that to-day, at this hour, throughout the length and breadth of the land, everywhere in this great Republic of ours on this, our Centennial day, this patriotic duty is being performed. So, then, my fellow citizens of the county of Shelby, you will please be content with the plain recital of such facts and incidents connected with the early history of our county and our city, and the mention of those revered names closely identified with their foundation, as I shall be able crudely and imperfectly to group together in the brief space of time it will be proper to employ in the presentation of them; I hope, too, it will be borne in mind that in the short time allotted it will be impossible to embrace in this sketch many, very many of the names and incidents it would be both pleasing and profitable to record. The great difficulty which confronts me at the threshold is not the paucity of material, but

from the varied historical facts, incidents and names which crowd upon the memory of your historian which to select and which to discard. I wish it was possible that the early history of every name connected with the first settlement of our county and our town could find a place in this imperfect record; knowing most of them personally as I did, it would be a labor of love to embalm their memories in historic page. But this cannot be done. To my task then. The spot we inhabit to day is rich in the history of the past. It was upon these bluffs that more than three hundred years ago, not fifty years after that great navigator, Columbus, had lifted from the seas a hidden continent and held out to view a new and undiscovered world; that that wonderful but ill-fated Spaniard, Hernando DeSoto, discovered our great river and with the crucifix in one hand and the sword in the other, planted upon its savage banks the Christian cross. A little below our city still stand, despite the effacing fingers of time, the remains of the mounds of Chisca, which history tells us is the name of the village which DeSoto founded upon reaching the river. A little more than one hundred years thereafter, Father Marquette, a missionary, together with an explorer named Joliette, descended the Mississippi in canoes, and from the maps and charts accompanying the history of their explorations, evidently camped for a season upon these bluffs, as they passed along. A few years thereafter a French explored named La Salle, under a commission from his Government to "perfect the discovery of the Mississippi," built a fort and established the armies of France upon the 4th Chickasaw Bluff. In 1739, Bienville, third Governor of Louisiana, and founder of New Orleans, in his campaign against the Chickasaws, established Fort Assumption, and remained the winter here. In 1782 General Gayoso, from whom the bayou that runs up stream through our city, from its southern to its northern limits, takes its name, by authority of the Spanish Government, occupied the bluff, and at the mouth of Wolf river established Fort Fernandina. In 1803 General Pike took possession of the fort and planted the stars and stripes in place of the Spanish flag. Some time thereafter General Wilkerson dis-

mantled this fort and established Fort Pickering which stood down near the Jackson Mounds long after my remembrance, and I have often seen boys with their pocket knives picking out the bullets embedded in the timbers of the old block houses of the fort. Shelby county was named in honor of Isaac Shelby, the first Governor of Kentucky, and who, by the side of Sevier, distinguished himself at the battle of King's Mountain. In 1818, together with General Jackson, he negotiated upon this bluff an advantageous treaty with the Chickasaws, by which were ceded to the United States all the lands in West Tennessee, then known as the Chickasaw purchase. The county was established by an act of the Legislature, then sitting at Murfreesboro, passed November 24, 1819, and on the 1st day of May, 1820, the first Court was organized, composed of Wm. Irvine, Chairman; Jacob Tipton, Anderson B. Carr, M. B. Winchester, Thos. D. Carr, and Benj. Willis. The first county officers were: Sam'l R. Brown, Sheriff; Wm. Lawrence, Clerk; Thos. Taylor, Register; Alex. Ferguson, Ranger; William A. Davis, Trustee; Gideon Carr, Coroner; William Bettis and William Dean, Constables, and John J. Perkins sworn in as attorney. The first Grand Jurors of the county were Thomas H. Persons, foreman; Wm. Roberts, John Grace, John W. Oadham, Drury Bettis, Patrick Meagher, Thomas Palmer, Humphrey Williams, J. W. Riddle, J. Fletcher, Joseph James, and Robert Quinby. The first Petit Jury ever sworn in the county were Daniel Harkleroad, Robert McAllister, Wm. Thompson, Tilman Bettis, Enos Wade, Wm. Bettis, W. D. Ferguson, Gideon Carr, Wm. West, Arnold Kelly and Benjamin Willis, sworn to try Henry Gibson for an assault and battery. It will be observed that this was the beginning of civil government in our county and that this initial court had all the jurisdiction of our Chancery, Circuit, Criminal and County Courts; hence the responsibility of the court was great, and the sterling character, unbending integrity, and good sense of the men who composed it left their impress upon the community they established. The County of Shelby is the wealthiest in the State, occupying the extreme southwest corner of the State, and em-

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bracing an area of 720 square miles, with a taxable property of about \$40,000,000, being one-eighth of the whole taxable property of the whole State. At the organization of the county, in 1820, there were but 364 inhabitants; in 1830, 5648; in 1840, 14,721; in 1850, 31,157; in 1860, 48,092; and in 1870, 76,378, showing an increase of population far outstripping any other county in the State. Besides the city of Memphis, the county can boast of quite a number of flourishing villages, situated on the different lines of railroad running out from the city—Bartlett, Germantown, Collierville and others, the last mentioned being 24 miles out on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, a place of much commercial importance, with a population of some 1200. I wish I had time and opportunity to allude in befitting terms to the geology, topography and soil of this magnificent county. To tell of its varied resources, the salubrity of its climate, the cheapness of its lands, the rich yield of its products, and the variety of its productions, its railroad and other facilities, its schools, colleges and other institutions its great resources and advantages, and to present to you to day as it deserves to be presented the wonderful advancement which has been made in all the material interests that go to make up a great and prosperous part of a State. But I must rapidly pass from this cursory view of our county to our own town, whose history is part and parcel of the county. Memphis, like its namesake of the Nile, stands upon the banks of a great inland sea, with a delta broader and richer far than that through which the great Egyptian river flowed in the days of the grandeur, wealth and glory of its ancient metropolis. It is the chief city, and about equi-distant between St. Louis, and Louisville and New Orleans. It was laid out as a town in 1819, on what is known as the John Rice grant, being a grant of 5000 acres of land by the State of North Carolina to John Rice, John Rice having parted with his interest to John Overton, Andrew Jackson, William, George and James Winchester, who were the original proprietors of the town. In 1822, however, Gen. Jackson sold his proprietary interest to John C. McLemore. Jacob Tipton was appointed Surveyor General of this, the eleventh surveyor's district. Of the long list of Deputy

Surveyors appointed by Gen. Tipton to lay off and survey this vast territory recently acquired, consisting of John Ralston, William Lawrence, James Vault, James Caruthers, John H. Bills, Nathan and Joel Pinson and James Brown, the last mentioned only remains, and is to-day spending the remnant of his days in peace and quietude with his children in the neighborhood of Memphis. The old tavern, known as the "Bell Tavern," where Tipton had his surveyor's office, and where Jackson and Overton, and the Winchesters and McLemore, all of them, used to "put up," still stands on the corner of Toncray's alley and Front street, an old building with cedar posts in the ground and weather-boarded up. I believe it was at that time kept by Col. Nathan Anderson, as grand a type of the old Virginia gentleman as that famous old State ever sent to the wilderness of the West. He has children and grandchildren still among us bearing his honored name. Although the town was laid off in 1819, yet it was not until 1826 that by an act of the Legislature it was made an incorporated town, and on the 3d of March, 1827, the first election was held for town officers, composed of M. B. Winchester, Mayor, and Joseph L. Davis, John Hook, N. B. Atwood, George T. Graham and John R. Dougherty, Aldermen; the two last of whom, however, died during the year, their places being filled by Nathaniel Anderson and Littleton Henderson. During that year, the county seat was moved from Memphis to Raleigh, where it remained for more than forty years. The first Postmaster in Memphis was Captain Thomas Stewart, an officer of the Twenty-fourth regiment of United States infantry, and formerly a citizen of Jonesboro, East Tennessee. He, however, died soon after his appointment, and is buried where the First Presbyterian Church now stands, at the corner of Third and Poplar, that being the first graveyard in Memphis. Marcus B. Winchester was the successor of Capt. Stewart, and remained Postmaster for many years. The first bank in Memphis was the Farmers' and Merchants', established in 1835, with Robert Lawrence, President, and Chas. Lofland Cashier. The old building in which it did its first business still stands on the northeast corner of Main and Winchester streets, with the figures 303

prominently painted high up on its walls. This is the first point in Tennessee where LaFayette landed in his triumphal visit to the United States in 1824, and the last that the immortal Crockett ever saw of his native State when he turned his face toward struggling Texas to meet his sad fate at the fall of the Alamo. The population of Memphis in 1820 was 53; in 1830, 663; in 1840, 2,000; in 1850, 10,000; in 1860, 27,623; in 1870, 48,230. The city directory for 1876 shows 15,260 names against 13,472 in the last directory. Multiplying the number of names by four, as is the most common custom, would give us a present population of 61,040, and an increase of 7,152 since the publication of the last directory.

In 1826, the first corporate year of Memphis, her cotton receipts were 300 bales, all told; in 1830, 1000 bales; in 1840, 35,000; in 1850-51, 163,000; in 1860-61, 396,000. The sales of cotton this year amounted to \$39,000,000; sales of merchandise to \$9,700,000; of articles manufactured here, \$3,000,000; total business, \$51,700,000. Of the year 1870-71, I have no reliable statistics; but for the years 1873-74 the receipts of cotton were 417,171 bales, value of general merchandise and cotton, \$73,016,867; of articles manufactured here, \$5,300,860; total business, \$78,317,727, an increase since 1861, of \$24,316,867 in general business, and of \$2,300,860 in value of manufactured articles produced here. The figures for the current year have not been made up, but I am informed by John S. Toof, Esq., the efficient and able Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, that to date the receipts have reached 481,081 bales, and by September 1st, the end of the commercial year, they will reach close upon 500,000 bales, with a corresponding increase in the sales of general merchandise and manufactured articles produced here. The volume of receipts, therefore, properly ranks Memphis as the third in importance of all the great cotton receiving points in the United States. Up to about the year 1836-7, as some amongst us may still remember, a great rivalry existed between Randolph and Memphis; the former town at one time shipping as much cotton and doing as much business as Memphis; and it seemed about to wrest from her the palm of commercial superiority. But about that period the United States Government purchased from the Chick-

asaws that vast scope of magnificent country which now makes up the whole of North Mississippi, the rapid settlement of which, all tributary to Memphis, threw into her lap a large and increasing trade, and Randolph perished as a place of business. It is ever pleasing to recur to the early history of our county and our city, and of the sterling men who founded them, but peculiarly so is it upon this Centennial occasion. We ought, indeed, to fully appreciate this great opportunity of putting upon record, in something like enduring form, their names and deeds. The history of every country shows that the pioneers, the first settlers, the men who blazed the pathway and established the civilization of the country, were marked men in their day and generation; men noted for their high integrity, energy and enterprise. They are the men who stamp the impress of their character upon the country they establish. Look at the Boones, Shelys, Clays, Hardins, Hendersons and Adairs of Kentucky; the Bentons, Atchisons and others of Missouri; the Seviere, Pikes, Yells, Johnsons, of Arkansas; the Houstons, Busks, Austins, Burlesons, of Texas; the Jacksons, Carrolls, Craigheads, Whites, Overtons, Seviere, Tiptons, Crocketts, Winchester, of Tennessee; and then coming along down to our own goodly county, look at the men who were its first settlers—the men who wrested from the savage, who had held undisputed possession of this vast country, the scepter of civilization, and planted deep and broad in the fairest portion of our State the great principles of civil government and enlightened liberty. Let me put upon record such of their names as I can call to mind, that they may be remembered and their memories cherished: Nathaniel Anderson, M. B. Winchester, Anderson B. Carr, Charles D. McLean, James Rose, John Houston, Neil B. Holt, Zacheus Joiner, Tilman Bettis, who landed at the mouth of Wolf in 1819 on a flatboat with his family; Enoch and James Banks, Solomon Rozell, Wilks Brooks, N. Ragland, Eugene Magevney, Isaac Rawlings, Robert Lawrence, G. B. Locke, Frazer Titus, S. M. Nelson, Samuel Mosby, Joseph H. Mosby, J. J. Rawlings, W. D. Ferguson, Charles Lofland, John Ralston, Wyatt Christian, Robertson Topp, Seth Wheatley, Hezekiah Cobb, Samuel Leake, Richard Leake, John

R. Frayser, Starkey Redditt, John F. Schabel, John Y. Bayliss, Emanuel Young and his worthy sons, Gus, Tom and Henry, James D. Davis, Edwin Hickman, Frederick Christian, Jesse Benton, Roger Barton, Wm. Battle, John K. Balch, Joseph Graham, John D. Graham, John W. Fowler, S. T. Toneray, Cesario Bias, Geo. W. Fisher, James C. Jones, and then the Reaves, Remberts, Smiths and Taylors of Raleigh; the Harrels, Messicks, Prescotts, Peytons, Parks, McKeons, Greenlaws, Newsoms, Richards, Kimbroughs, Persons, Bonds, Lakes, Fowlkes, Dotys, Waldrans, Duncans, Echols, Ecklins, Hardaways, Hawkins, Harts, Howards, Holmes, Popes, Rudisils, Sanderlins, Spickernagles, Trezevants, Triggs, Whitsitts. Eppy and John D. White, Yates, Dunns, Tates, Buntyns, Goldsby, and many others I might mention. And, let me say here, that if all the children or children's children who chance to see that the names of their worthy fathers are not in this brief record, let it be charged to the frailty of human recollection, and not that they did not deserve a place in this imperfect role. At the period of which I now particularly speak, because my personal identity with Memphis dates from that time, I think I can mention every lawyer, doctor and merchant, of which Memphis could then boast. Of

#### THE MERCHANTS,

let me mention Wilks Brooks, Joseph Cooper, Isaac Rawlings, M. B. Winchester, Anderson B. Carr, Wiley Kimbrough, Samuel Mosby, W. D. Dabney, Nelson & Titus, Lawrence & Davis, Neil McCool, Zich Edmonds, Nath. Anderson, Park & Graham, and W. B. Miller, who was the pioneer wholesale merchant of the city. The doctors were Dr. Wyatt Christian (a great and good man), Wheatley & Frayser, our present estimable Dr. John R. Frayser and M. B. Sappington. The lawyers consisted of R. C. McAlpin, P. G. Gaines, Seth Wheatley and Robertson Topp, whose mortal remains were followed to the grave the other day by a large concourse of the oldest citizens of the city. The preachers at this early period principally, were Father Whitsitt, Silas T. Toneray, Elijah Coff-y, and the now venerable Thomas P. Davidson, still living in the neighborhood, whose circuit extended throughout the length

and breadth of this wilderness of the West.

#### OLD TIME NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper published here was the Memphis Advocate, by Thos. Phoebus. Soon thereafter it was supplanted by the Memphis Gazette, published by P. G. Gaines and James H. Murray, printed on material purchased from our venerable patriarch, Charles D. McLean, himself the pioneer of the press in West Tennessee, and then publishing in Jackson, Tenn., the leading journal in all this country—The Jackson Gazette. About this time, however, there was being published at Randolph Tenn., the rival town heretofore alluded to, a larger paper called the Randolph Recorder, by F. S. Latham, one of the pioneers of the press in this country, who is still living not many miles away, and illustrates more vividly the character of a hard handed granger, with hay seed in his hair, than of the honest, bold pioneer journalist of earlier days. In 1836 Latham started the Enquirer, with whom that accomplished journalist J. H. McMahan subsequently became identified. McMahan afterward established the Bulletin. And Latham again, in January, 1842, printed at Fort Pickering the Memphis Eagle, which I have seen him myself distribute to his Memphis subscribers from a bundle tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. After the Enquirer, followed the Western World and Memphis Banner of the Constitution, by Solon Borland. What a name! Then came the lamented Van Pelt with the Appeal, which alone of all this long list, together with many others I might mention, has stood the vicissitudes of time, and still maintains its high place as a journalistic power in the land. The AVALANCHE, founded by M. C. Galloway in 1858, also takes rank among the leading journals of the day. The Ledger, a live evening daily, besides half a dozen weeklies, both religious and secular, go to swell the newspaper record of our city.

My countrymen, although not covetous of being considered an old man, I have myself seen the red man of the forest, whose primeval home was not a half day's journey on horseback from where we now stand, pushed away across the great river, over to the wilderness of the west, and the native wilds he then inhabited, peopled by a

hardy, intelligent and enterprising population. Flourishing towns and young cities, marts of commerce and centers of civilization and refinement now adorn the places where savage huts then stood. I have personally known every chief magistrate Memphis has ever had (save those appointed by military authority during the war), from Winchester, the first, down to His Honor Judge Flippin, who is helping us celebrate here to-day. I have seen every stately structure that now stands between Pinch and Pickering rise from the earth in their majesty and beauty, monuments, as they are, to the skill, enterprise, energy and public spirit of such citizens as Lemuel Austin, the Saffarans, Charley Jones, the lamented Greenlaws, and many others I might mention, who builded up this young city of ours.

And now, having, in a feeble and imperfect manner, presented some of the leading historical features connected with the foundation of our county and our city, and made honorable mention of such names as I could bring to memory connected therewith, may we not be pardoned if we pause for a moment on the top of this Centennial Pisgah where we stand to-day, and taking a more extended range of vision, view

#### OUR PROMISED LAND.

Look at it as it stands mapped out before us and before the world to-day! From thirteen sparsely populated colonies, with three millions of people, this Centennial day dawned on thirty-eight independent States, some of them young empires in themselves, with forty millions of population. But a little while ago, long within the memory of many who hear me to-day, the star of our empire had scarcely peeped over the blue heights of the Alleghanies in the east. This star, still westward taking its onward way, has gone on, and on, and on, until it has shot across a continent, and to-day shines its glittering sheen in the placid waters of the golden shored Pacific. May we not be pardoned, then, for indulging in a little patriotic gush upon this occasion, especially when we contemplate our wonderful advancement as a people and as a nation, in arts, in arms, in science, in agriculture and the mechanic arts, in inventions and discoveries, in commerce and navigation, and in internal improvements, with our seventy-three

thousand miles of railroads ramifying every portion of the Republic; in everything that goes to make up the greatness and power of a people and a nation. In attestation of which may we not proudly point to the great Centennial Exposition now spread out in grand review within sound of the old Liberty Bell which one hundred years ago to day first pealed out its proclamation to the world that a new nation had been born to liberty that day. I say, may we not point with a little exultant pride to the fact that to day in the front rank of honorable competition with all the most favored and enlightened nations of the earth, both great and small, the American States are exhibiting all these industrial and material evidences of wonderful advancement. The Great Pacific Railway, too, stretching from ocean to ocean, tying these States together as with bands of steel. The

#### NORTH UNITED TO THE SOUTH

by those natural channels of commerce, the great rivers of the land, and the East bound to the West by those other and artificial iron bonds of perpetual union; this nation is designed as the God of Nature and of Nations too, decreed it ever should be, now and forever, one and inseparable.

To the American mind is the civilized world indebted for the two great inventions of this or any other age. It was a Fulton who first harnessed steam and drove it to the cars of commerce and to the floating fleets of navigation. In all the rivers of the earth, and in all the seas wherever the flag of commerce floats, and the light of civilization shines, every revolution of the mighty wheels that move the steam monarchs of the deep, and the lesser vessels upon the thousand rivers, both great and small, and every puff of steam that is sent forth from the countless scape pipes, proclaim in thunder tones the genius of a Fulton. Every electric click that flashes upon the thousand wires its myriad messages over the lands and under the seas, throughout the world and around the globe, proclaim forever to all peoples the genius, and perpetuate the memory of the immortal Morse.

Did any people who have ever lived since creation's dawn and since the morning stars first sang together, have so great cause to be proud of their country and its achievements?

The Frenchman when he seeks a home amongst us still loves best the vine clad hills of France.

The Italian, though true and steadfast to his adopted country, each year must renew his vows of love to the land of Columbus. The Englishman, full of the glories of his sea-girt isle, is full, too, of the thought that she is mistress of the seas and that "Britania rules the waves." The German, coming as he does from the home and birth-place of learning and of science, each returning Mai-Fest rekindles afresh unfading memories of his Fatherland. Who can chide the rugged son of grand old Scotia for cherishing in his heart of hearts a filial devotion to the land of Bruce and of Burns, of Wallace and of Walter Scott? The Irishman too, eager, as he ever is, to enlist in the wars and fight the battles of his adopted country, never can forget his green isle of the ocean, his shamrock and his shillallah; and every St. Patrick's Day in the Morning pours out anew the offerings of his heart upon the altar of his native land. All people of all nations who seek an asylum in our midst, though born to a new liberty, and awakened to a new citizenship and baptised in a new dispensation, never banish from their recollection the memories of the land that gave them birth. Oh, may we not be pardoned to-day—this hundredth anniversary of our nation's birth—for enkindling afresh upon the altars of our hearts the fires of patriotism and love to "our own, our native land."

Our foreign-born brethren of every clime and of every kindred join with us everywhere in one universal chorus of devotion to this great heritage, the land of our nativity and of their adoption. And in the eloquent language of another: "This glorious land of ours that blooms between the seas, from the northern border of it where God's purple-lined bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliffs to the sea-girt southern line, where God's gifts make earth almost an Eden of fragrance and beauty; and from the rock bound Atlantic, where the eastern song of the sea begins its morning music, to the far off Pacific, where the western waters murmur their benediction to our land as the tide goes out beneath the setting sun; everywhere we feel the inspiration of our country and devoutly pray God bless our native land."

is a common heritage; it belongs to no North, no South, no East, no West. Men of the South as well as men of the North aided in establishing this empire of freedom. It is the united work of both. This South gave to the country him who wrote the charter of our liberties. The South gave to the world a Washington. Let the names of Washington and Jefferson be indissolubly and forever linked with those of Hancock, Adams, Franklin. We of the South have an undying glory in our nation's birthright. The great principles that underlie the foundation of our Government, enunciated by the Fathers of the Republic, established by their swords and cemented by their blood; those great doctrines of civil liberty and human government, set forth in the unequalled instrument which has been read to day, are as dear to the South as to the North, and to the North as to the South. They are the great bulwarks upon which we rest as the sheet anchor of our liberties, as a people, and our perpetuity as a government. And now a little about brotherly love. Long before the political differences between the North and the South had culminated in a calamitous war, the same disturbing element, that Iliad of our woes, now no more, that divided us politically had cleft in twain the churches of the living God.

That great popular organization, the Methodist Church, for more than thirty years has been divided into two distinct and separate governments, North and South. Thank God this Centennial year will see them again united. Listen to the eloquent and patriotic language of Dr. Duncan, President of Randolph Macon College, who was sent, together with the venerable Lovick Pierce and Dr. Garland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, as a fraternal messenger of peace and unity to the Methodist Church North, recently assembled in solemn conference in the city of Baltimore. In speaking of "brotherly love," here is what he says to his brethren of the North: "With this inspiration in our hearts, and with this cry upon our lips we tear down all hostile barriers, we trample under foot every obstacle to brotherly love; we consign bitterness and strife to oblivion; we crush the ser-

pent of discord with our heel, and unite anew all the vast army of American Methodists in one celestial shout." This is the language of a

BROKEN BROTHERHOOD,

the one to the other. Cannot, then, the political and geographical sections—the broken brotherhood—of this Great Republic, severed as they have been in deadly hostility, but now once more united; since the rainbow of peace now spans the continent; under the meridian splendors of this Centennial sun, adopt the fervid and patriotic language

of the inspired spirit of this peace maker of God and the Gospel? Can we not agree, North and South, to wipe out forever Mason's and Dixon's line; tear down all hostile barriers; trample under foot every obstacle to brotherly kindness; consign bitterness and strife to oblivion; crush out the serpent of discord with our undivided and united heel, and unite anew all the vast army of forty millions of freemen in one Centennial shout.

"United in lakes, united in lands,  
With bonds no dissensions can sever;  
United in hearts, united in hands—  
The Flag of Our Union forever!"





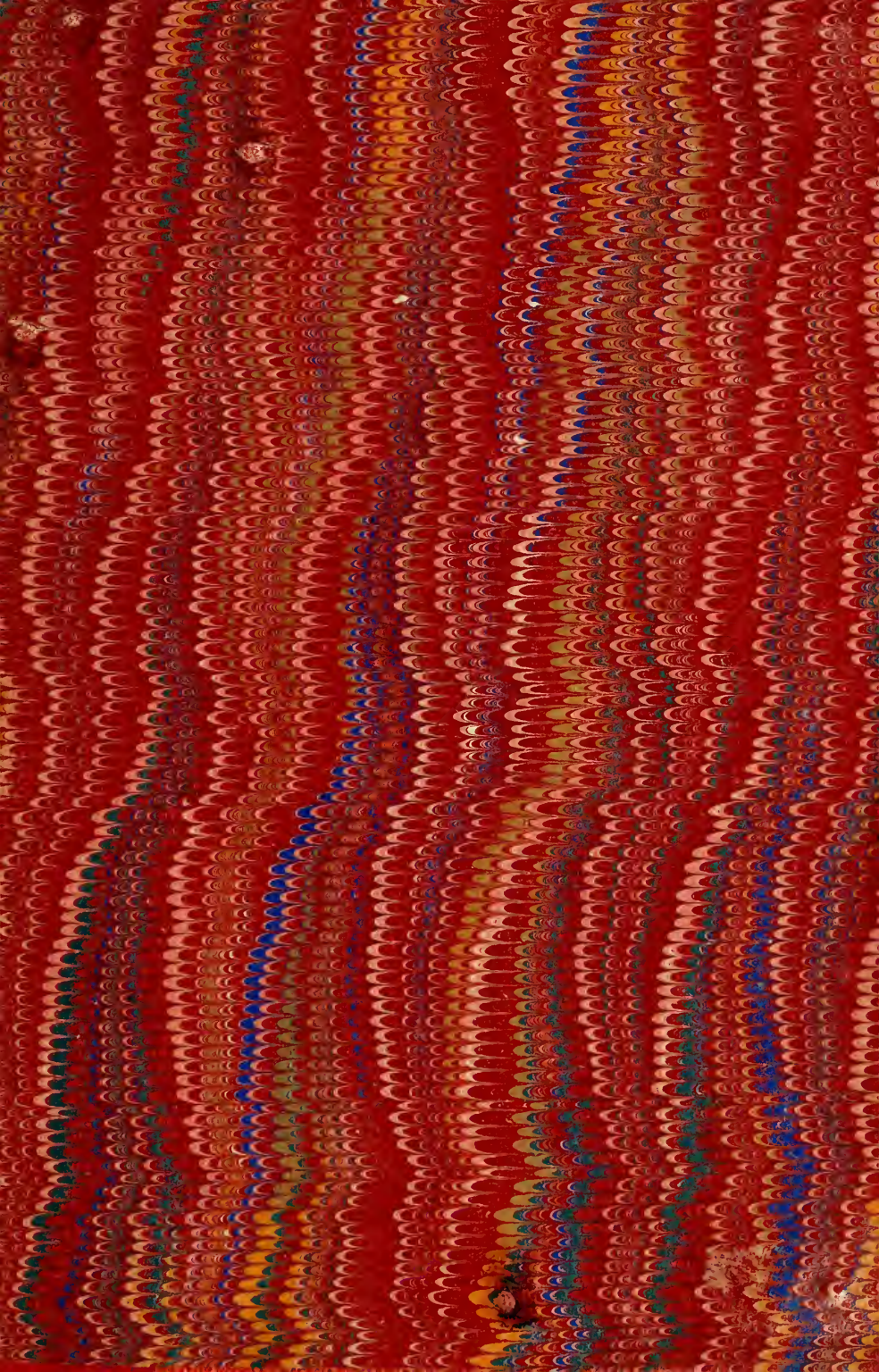




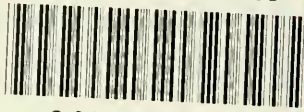








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